DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXI., No. 19. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1886. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

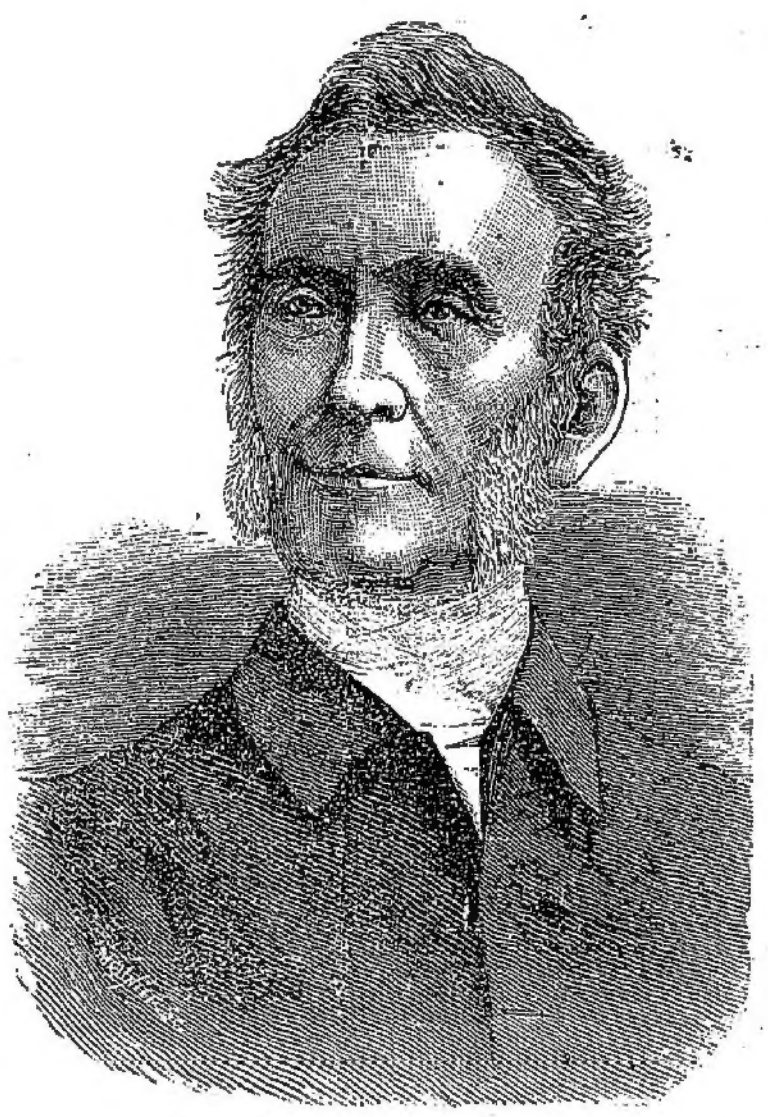
MR. GEORGE MULLER.

The *Christian* writing of the late Mr. George Muller, says: If there should ever come to be written, by an inspired penman, a list of those who, in New Testament times, have lived and triumphed by faith as did the heroes and heroines of Judaic history recorded in Heb. xi., surely the name of George Muller will occupy no mean place in the wondrous catalogue. His life and work for the last sixty years afford one of the most irrefragable proofs that could be conceived, of the reality of the religion that is inspired by a simple faith in the Word of God, and the revelation of his grace through Jesus Christ—a proof infinitely more convincing than tomes of controversial literature.

Mr. Muller is, by nativity, a German, having been born at Kroppenstadt, Prussia, in September, 1805. He has, therefore, completed his eightieth year. After a somewhat reckless youth, he was soundly converted to God at a prayer-meeting in Halle, at the age of twenty. Says Mrs. Muller, "He entered the house unconverted, far from God, and miserable; he left it a rejoicing Christian." With the new heart there came speedily a new and active spirit. He strongly desired to become a missionary—a wish that was not gratified, however, till late in life, when at the age of seventy, he commenced those preaching tours in different parts of the world which have been t he means of spiritual reviving to multitudes. With the view of undertaking Gospel work among the Jews, Mr. Muller came to London in 1829, and pursued his studies; but God had another sphere of work in store for him. Through Christian associations formed in Devonshire, whither he had gone to seek bodily health, he became pastor of a church in Teignmouth. He appears at this time to have formed conscientious objections to the receipt of any stated salary, thinking that the true attitude of the faithful servant was a simple dependence on God alone to supply temporal needs, without any human guarantee. "Since that time, now fifty-six years ago, though possessing no property whatever of his own, he has never received any salary, either as pastor of a large church in Bristol, or as Director of the great Institution which he was permitted afterwards to found; nor does he, under any circumstances that may arise, ever take money from the funds of the institution to supply his own temporal wants, nor even to defray his travelling expenses in the Lord's service, as some suppose; but, whether in England or in other countries, is as wholly dependent upon the Lord now, for everything he needs, as when he first entered on this path of faith."

After two and a half years' work at Teignmouth Mr. Muller was led of God to remove to Bristol, where he began the ministry of the word, in conjunction with a godly Scotchman, Mr. Henry Craik, whose acquaintance he had made at the former place. He and Mr. Craik labored together in the Gospel happily and successfully, till the latter was called to his rest in 1866. Mr. Muller did not confine his exertions to the field of pastoral service. In 1834 he founded the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, which has since then accomplished a marvellous amount of work in the establishment of Christian schools, the circulation of religious literature, and the furthering of missionary operations.

In the following year was begun the work among orphans with which the name of George Muller is, and will in coming generations be, chiefly associated. From very small beginnings this institution has steadily grown to its present gigantic proportions, involving an expenditure for buildings and for the support of the orphans of many hundred thousand pounds. All this money has been contributed to the institution without one solitary direct appeal having been made to any human being. The founder laid it down at the beginning, as an axiomatic principle not to be departed from, that the tale of the needs of his work should be told into the ear of God only, as those needs arose. It is true that Mr. Muller has regularly published annual reports of the Orphan Homes, and the other branches of his many-sided work; but he truly says that these are but simple statements of past experience and accounts of stewardship rendered, and not in any sense appeals for help. Without at all reflecting on other methods, or even seeming to assume that Mr. Muller's plan is the only one that ought to be followed, in connection with the support of Christian institutions, it is very manifest that God has clearly set the seal of his approbation on these methods, and honored the simple, child-like trust and confidence of his servant. That trust has many a time been tried to the last degree but it has never ultimately been put to shame. We believe we are stating the truth when we say that the thousands of children under Mr. Muller's care, these many years, have never lacked a meal; though it is equally true that there have been times not a few when, as one meal was being prepared, no one knew where the next was to come from. One of the cardinal doctrines of the work has been that no debt should, under any circumstances, be incurred, and this principle, we understand, has been religiously adhered to. In short, the story of the Ashley Down Orphan Homes is far more truly wonderful than any romantic web of fiction that the brain of mortal man or woman has ever spun.



GEORGE MULLER.

Space would more than fail us to speak of the preaching tours and missionary labors of the veteran servant of God that have chiefly filled up his time during the last ten years. They are, however, recorded with much circumstantiality and simple grace of diction, by Mrs. Muller, and published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., of Berners street. In that volume appears the photograph of Mr. Muller, from which our portrait is taken. The same firm have issued, in three volumes, a "Narrative of some of the Lord's dealings with George Muller." From the publishers of this paper can be had an exceedingly interesting detailed account of the history of "The Bristol Orphan Homes," by Mr. W. E. Tayler.

CHINA'S NEED.

I want to speak to you about those eighteen provinces, each a country in itself. Oh, let them plead with you for prayer, for money, for whatever you can give to them. And are there not some who will give *themselves* to this work?

Let the fifteen hundred walled cities of China appeal to you. Let them speak. In addition to these there are many market towns, and places of business, and villages, and stretches of land, with country people in them. Now out of those fifteen hundred there are four hundred mission stations; but what are they? And, after all, how little the Gospel has touched even those great cities where some of us are residing. But what about the eleven hundred that have no missionaries resident, and only some of which, perhaps, a passing missionary may visit about once or twice a year—perhaps a native evangelist or colporteur, and then the rest of the year no messenger of the Gospel? What about those eleven hundred? Do they not appeal to somebody here to go and live there, and to preach there, and to build up native churches that shall by-and-by support themselves, that there may not be a need of us foreigners.—*Miss Fanny Boyd.*

No one can be taught faster than he will learn.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
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EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.

A MIGHTY POWER.

In regard to the world's evangelization, enough cannot be said of the importance of prayer. The greatest, the most responsible, the busiest, and most successful servants that Christ ever had, divided their functions into two departments. "We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word." What would be thought of dividing the twelve hours of our day by giving six hours to prayer for the Gospel, and six to the ministry of the Word? Had all Christ's servants acted thus, could anyone estimate how mighty the results on the world would be to-day?

Would it not be well could we train ourselves to take up all the countries of the world in detail, and make mention of them systematically before God? There are persons who have attempted to do this every day of their lives, while others divide the world into portions, and take these up on successive days. I hope I may not offend any hearers if I venture to recommend the use of a Prayer Book, which I have found of service, and which can be had from the shelves of Messrs. Keith, Johnston & Co. I mean a pocket atlas, which should be spread like Hezekiah's letter before the Lord, and be gone over carefully from day to day, and from year to year, so that every kingdom, capital, island and ocean shall be individually remembered. If this were done on an extensive scale among Christians, blessed issues would ensue.

The answers to your prayers may come by God's sending you as evangelists or settlers to the very lands for which you have prayed; or by enabling you to write a volume which may stir the missionary activity of hundreds, or to prepare hymns that may be sung in every land and tongue. God may enable you, by your addresses as ministers, professors, and laymen, to rouse congregations and entire synods to their duty to the heathen, as well as to call forth the Christian enthusiasm of young men in our colleges and universities; and mothers in Israel, like Hannah, Lois and Eunice, may, through prayer, be the means of sending forth a Carey, a Henry Martyn, a Duff, a William Burns, a Stanley Smith, or a Studd. I believe that the day will declare that solitary individuals have, simply by their prayers, prevailed to introduce the Gospel into vast and populous dominions. —*Dr. Somerville's Address at Free Church Assembly.*

TO CHURCH IN A WHEELBARROW.

Mr. Randle, of the China Inland Mission, who has had charge of six stations in Central China says:—It would interest you very much if you could see the way in which they come to the services. They walk distances of from one to four miles. Two men come nine miles, starting away from their homes about half-past seven in the morning, and reaching the chapel perhaps at ten, and returning at four o'clock in the afternoon. Women with little feet, not more than about four inches long, will walk three or four miles, toddling along the road very slowly to service and back again. Wheelbarrows bring two or three old people. An old lady of eighty-three sits on one side of a barrow that constantly comes, and her granddaughter of sixteen or seventeen sits on the other side. The man who wheels the barrow is the father of the one and son of the other. The wife walks behind with her baby strapped to her back. We have these people meeting during the Sunday. They get their dinners at the house, and they go back again in the afternoon.

One of our converts, a Mr. Chang, was originally a celibate and a Buddhist devotee. Years ago he saved out of his little earnings some thirty-five dollars or so, and invested the money at a temple of his own choice, and went there to live. The investment of that money secured to him the right and privilege of making the temple his home, and feeding upon the temple rice, so that he had practically provided for himself a living for life. When in the temple, the poor man purely in search of rest of soul and salvation, was induced to undergo a severe penance. He sat alone in a small room on a chair in an upright position, with his hands folded on his chest. Day after day did he sit like that for no less a time than three years meditating about Buddha, hoping that by that means he would be able to save his soul. I asked him whether he was ever hopeful or happy when he was undergoing that penance. He said he was not; he was always fearing that he would lose the prize and that he would never get what he was seeking for. Eventually that man became a Christian, and he is now one of the most useful members in that church.

SAFETY IN DUTY.

"We are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it." The way of the transgressor is not only hard; it is unsafe.

In 1853 an earnest Christain soldier, Col. Martin, of the Ninth Bengal Native Infantry, purposed to devote one thousand pounds to establish a mission in Peshawur, the large Mohammedan city where his regiment was stationed.

As he could do nothing without the chief civil authority, he asked permission of Col. Mackeson, the English Commissioner. Peshawur, a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, made up of fanatical Afghans and wild hillmen, who pointed their arguments with the dagger, had but recently come under English rule.

The commissioner, thinking that it would be dangerous to English authority to plant a Christian mission in one of the most fanatical cities of India, peremptorily refused the request. He also assured Col. Martin that the first missionary who crossed the Indus to enter the Peshawur Valley should be turned back. The plan of the Christian was laid aside until a more propitious season. It came.

One day the commissioner was hearing the appeals of the people in the veranda of his house at Peshawur. Among them came a man, who having spread his prayer-rug within sight of the house, had been engaged all day in making prostrations.

Coming up to Col. Mackeson, he made his salaam and presented a paper. The colonel, supposing it to be a petition raised his arm to receive it, and the man thrust a dagger into his chest. He was seized, and found to be a Mohammedan fanatic, who had assassinated the Englishman because he was an "infidel."

Gen. Sir Herbert E. Edwardes, a colonel, succeeded the dead commissioner. He, being a Christian, and believing that the path of duty is the path of safety, earnestly sanctions Col. Martin's proposal.

A meeting of the European residents at Peshawur was called. After the call had been issued, some one suggested that as the Peshawur races were to be held on the same day, the meeting should be deferred.

"Put off the work of God for a steeplechase? Never!" exclaimed Col. Martin.

The meeting was held, the mission founded, and a subscription-list sent round. One English captain, who looked upon the experiment as a dangerous one, put his name down for "one rupee towards a Colt's revolver for the first missionary."

That captain moved, shortly after, to Meerut, the "quietest" part of India. The mutiny broke out; he saw his wife and children cruelly killed, and then he, too, was murdered.

Four years after the formation of the mission came the testing days of the mutiny. All Bengal was convulsed, but at Peshawur there was less crime than ever had been known in that city. The work of the missionaries was not interfered with, and safety reigned in this most dangerous outpost of English rule.

One of the missionaries, Dr. Pfander, would take his stand, Bible in hand on a bridge or in a thoroughfare, and proclaim the truth of Christianity. The umpire of England in India was trembling in the balance, but not the least insult was offered to the brave missionary.

"What is your opinion of the crisis?" asked an Englishman of a native chief, who lived near Lahore.

"Tell me just what the state of things is in Peshawur," answered the chief.

"Things are going on well there, under Col. Edwardes," said the Englishman.

"If things are well at Peshawur," replied the chief, "then all is well in the Punjab. If not, then," rolling up the skirt of his garment, "the Punjab will be rolled up like this cloth, if things go wrong at Peshawur.

Things went well there, notwithstanding the sixty thousand of fanatics within the city, and the thousands of armed hill-men, because the Commissioner, Sir Herbert Edwardes, was a Christian, who acted upon the maxim, "We are safer in doing our duty than in neglecting it."—*Youth's Companion.*

AS INDISPENSABLE AS EVER.

It is as indispensable as ever that teachers should visit their pupils. No improvements or new methods of any kind can take the place of this expression of personal interest.

Teaching requires, among other things, a ready communication of thought. For this purpose minds must be in some kind of sympathy. Without a bridge of mutual interest the space between them may be compared to an impassable gulf. Friendliness between teacher and learner is more than a luxury. It hastens communication. It qualifies one to be an instructor, in the sense of building up the recipient mind.

The free, friendly, informal social call is an expression of good-will; further, it deepens good-will. Thus it makes strong the sympathy between minds, and aids the teacher to become victor in the race with ignorance and indifference.

As for time needed in visiting, it is a relief to remember that five minutes will sometimes do wonders. You ring or rap, see Mary ten minutes, find how her big brother is who was sick last week, throw out a thought or two on the next lesson, tell an item of non-contraband news about a "mutual friend," find how your pupil is prospering in meeting a difficulty recently confided to you, give a little advice and cheering sympathy, and are off without hindering the busy girl very long from the task of the day. "What a splendid teacher!" is her ejaculation after you are gone. Next Sabbath it will take more than "Sunday headache" to keep her from the class.—*S. S. Banner.*

THE FREE KINDERGARTEN department of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union is making rapid advancement, one lady having given nearly $1,000,000 for the establishment and maintenance of these institutions in the state of Massachusetts.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 16.

JESUS INTERCEDING.—John 17: 1-3, 11-21.

COMMIT VERSES 20-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them. —Heb. 7: 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus' prayer on earth a type of the prayer He is ever making for us in heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 17: 1-26.
T. John 5: 19-40.
W. John 6: 26-41.
Th. 1 Cor. 12: 1-14.
F. 1 Cor. 12: 15-31.
Sa. Eph. 4: 1-16.
Su. 1 John 5: 4-21.

TIME.—Thursday evening, very late, April 6, A.D. 30, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The farewell discourse of Christ, ended with a remarkable prayer which may truly be called the Lord's prayer.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE HOUR IS COME: the hour of crucifixion, the central point of His redeeming work. GLORIFY THY SON: manifest His glory by making His mission a success, by raising Him from the dead, and placing Him at Thy right hand in heaven. THY SON GLORIFY THEE: the atonement and redemption in Christ manifested God's love and wisdom which are His glory. 2. ETERNAL LIFE: true spiritual life, begun here, but which endures forever. 3. THIS IS LIFE ETERNAL, THAT THEY MIGHT KNOW THEE: by experience, by partaking of God's nature. 11. THAT THEY MAY BE ONE: not uniformity, but unity; not oneness of organization, but of life and love. The unity of a vine with one life, one root, but many branches. The unity of an army with many departments and regiments. Christians have the same spiritual life, the same leader, the same law, the same purpose, mutual love. 12. THAT THE SCRIPTURE MIGHT BE FULFILLED: Ps. 41: 9 (John 13: 18). He did not fall because it was in the Scripture, but when he fell it was seen that he had voluntarily fulfilled the prediction. 14. THEY ARE NOT OF THE WORLD: but are under a different master, living a different life. 15. NOT TAKE THEM OUT OF THE WORLD: because they were needed in it to do Christ's work, preach His truth, save the men He came to save. KEEP THEM FROM THE EVIL: *i.e.*, from sin, the greatest of evils How? by the Word of truth, by working for Christ, by the higher joys of goodness, by the discipline of life, by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. 17. SANCTIFY: set apart for religious work, hence, to make holy.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is usually called the Lord's prayer? May this chapter also be called the Lord's prayer? Where was this prayer uttered? Under what circumstances? What are the characteristics of this prayer?

SUBJECT: WHAT JESUS MOST DESIRES FOR HIS PEOPLE.

I. THAT THEY MAY HAVE ETERNAL LIFE (vs. 1, 3).—In what form did Jesus pray? What hour had come? How was the Son to be glorified? What power had been given Him? What is eternal life? What must we do to have eternal life?

How does glorifying the Son enable Him to glorify the Father? Is the gift of eternal life limited to those whom God had given him? How is knowing God and Christ eternal life?

II. THAT THEY MAY BE ONE (vs. 11-21).—What is the unity Christ desires for His people? To what does He liken it? (See also v. 23.) What will be the effect of this unity? (v. 21.) Why? Is the church gaining in unity?

III. THAT THEY MAY BE KEPT FROM THE EVIL (vs. 12-15).—How had the disciples been kept? Which one had been lost? Why? (v. 12; I John 2: 19.) Why would Christ have the disciples remain in the world? Does He want us to live in this busy and evil world? From what would He have us kept? How?

IV. THAT THEY MAY BE SANCTIFIED (vs. 16, 17, 19).—What is it to be sanctified? How may we be sanctified? How does the truth do this? What is the truth?

V. THAT THEY MAY FULFIL THEIR MISSION (v. 17).—For what had Jesus been sent into the world? In what respects are we sent like Him into the world?

VI. THAT ALL CHRISTIANS MAY HAVE THE SAME BLESSINGS AS THE DISCIPLES (v. 20).—For whom did Jesus pray? What is one work He is ever doing for us? (Heb. 7: 25.)

VII. THAT THEY MAY PARTAKE OF HIS GLORY.—What was Jesus' glory? (v. 24.) What will be ours if we faithfully serve Him? What blessings does this include?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Those things which Jesus prayed for in our behalf are the ones we should most earnestly seek.

II. We are Christ's representatives on earth, and should carry on His work in His way.

III. The true Christian's place is in the world, but kept from its evil.

IV. Being sanctified by the truth, we should study much the Word by which we are sanctified.

V. We should in every true way seek to realize Christ's prayer for the unity of all Christians.

VI. Those who work with Christ, suffer with Him, and are sanctified with Him, will also partake of His ineffable glory.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 23.

REVIEW.

(Scripture Lesson.—The Golden Texts of the Quarter.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.—Isaiah 9: 7.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John chaps. 9, 10.
T. John chap. 11.
W. John chaps. 12, 13.
Th. John chap. 14.
F. John chap. 15.
Sa. John chap. 16.
Su. John chap. 17.

TIME.—The lessons of this quarter belong to the last six months of Jesus' ministry, from October, A.D. 29, to April 6, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Chiefly in Jerusalem and vicinity.

PARALLEL EVENTS.—Matt. 19: 1 to 26: 30: Mark 10: 1 to 14: 26: Luke 13: 10 to 23: 39.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What portion of Jesus' life have we been studying? In what places did the chief events occur? Where were most of the discourses spoken? Were there many other events and discourses during this time not recorded by John?

SUBJECT: THE REDEEMER'S KINGDOM UNFOLDING.

I. THE REDEEMER'S NATURE FURTHER REVEALED (Lessons 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10).—To what is Jesus likened in Lesson 2? In what respect is He like a good shepherd? What miracle is recorded in Lesson 1? What like this is He still doing for the world? What did He do for His Bethany friends? (Lesson 4.) How is Jesus still the life of the world? How did one friend show her affection for Him? (Lesson 5.) How did the children and the people honor him? What characteristics does Jesus show in Lesson 7? How was Jesus glorified? (Lesson 6.) To what does Jesus compare Himself in Lesson 10? What is it to abide in Him?

II. THE PRINCIPLES OF HIS KINGDOM (Lessons 2, 7, 9, 10, 11).—What is the door to this kingdom? (Lesson 2.) What does the Good Shepherd do for His sheep? How is Christ the way? (Lesson 9.) What else is He? (Lesson 9, v. 5) How may we know whether we are in the kingdom? (Lesson 10, v. 14.) How did Jesus teach humility? (Lesson 7.) How to love one another? What commandment lies at the basis of His kingdom? (Lesson 8.) How may we remain in His kingdom? (Lesson 10, v. 4.) What is the fruit we should bear? What becomes of fruitless branches? How does fruit-bearing glorify God? In what respects are all Christians one? Does this unity exist now?

III. ITS ORDINANCES (Lessons 7, 8).—What are the two great ordinances of Jesus' kingdom? What does baptism signify? Who partook of the Lord's Supper? What is this supper intended to teach?

IV. ITS PROMISES AND HOPES (Lessons 4, 9, 10, 11, 12).—What did Jesus promise believers? (Lesson 4.) Where had He gone to prepare a place for them? (Lesson 9.) What works did He promise they should do? (Les. 9, ver 12.) What did He promise as to prayer? What great helper did He promise to send? What would He do for the disciples? (Lessons 9, 11.) What to lead the world to become disciples? What joy does He give them? (Lesson 10.) From what should they be kept? (Lesson 12.) How should they be made holy? What glory and blessedness shall be theirs?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DREAM CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Flesh and blood children are in sharp contrast with the dream children of shadowy fancy, much harder to manage than those airy puppets of an unsubstantial realm, and much more satisfactory, too. It was a woman with never a babe of her own to cradle who said that all shadows faded out of a mother's horizon in the dawn of baby's smile, and the first year of a little one's life must be unutterably happy to every maternal heart. It is later, when more than the brooding instinct is wanted, more than the intuitive yearning over the helpless morsel, whose cry is a command, whose blindest motion an appeal, that the mother's solicitude is awakened.

"How shall I govern my child?" "By governing yourself, madam."

Advice is cheap. To govern one's self is to-day, as in the time of Solomon, so difficult and so praiseworthy in task and attainment that better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Easy to do it, sitting in church, with palm-leaf swaying languidly, a sunbeam stealing through a storied window, and the minister's voice inciting you to Christian endeavor, or uplifting you to heavenly heights. Not so easy next day, when Amy slaps Kitty, and the gentle Louise suddenly develops an attack of obstinacy, or your whole soul stands still because the dove-eyed Mary, sweetest of your band, amazes you by telling a falsehood.

Whatever you do or leave undone, you must teach the children to be truthful, and train them to be obedient.

Rose Terry Cooke, with a spice of common sense, says: "Never mind whether they are your own children, your step-children, or your children by adoption, see that they mind when they are spoken to." To this I would add, that whether you meet the disobedient child and conquer its iniquity by the old-fashioned allopathic or the new-fashioned homeopathic remedies, may be left, as to methods, to your own discretion, but if you desire peace at home, you must be the head of the house. A sweet young mother, her pretty little girl on her knee, observed sensibly, "I am determined that baby shall be lovable, and she never will be so unless she is obedient, so I've begun at the beginning." The mother who fails here is a pitiful weakling.

To pass on, do not try, because it is fair neither to yourself nor them, to make your children conform to your ideal child. The Lord does not run us all into one mould. He respects our individuality and gives us our work according to our fitness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

A year or two ago seven women were employed in one of the great retail shops in a large American city. Two were widows, each with a child to support; the others were young girls. All of them had received a good English education; they were quick, intelligent, and had gentle, pleasant manners. They began work at half-past seven o'clock; the shop usually closed at seven in the evening, but in the busy season was open until eleven. They were not permitted to sit down while on duty. They received from three to five dollars per week, from which fines were frequently deducted for tardiness, mistakes, and other faults.

Their board, in a miserable lodging house, cost from two dollars and a half to three dollars per week. They were obliged to dress neatly and well. How to make their income cover their outlay was the problem set before them and their two hundred companions.

Some of these young girls, weak in principle and in body, grew tired in coming back every night, the year round, from a long day's work, to their lonely and wretched garret rooms, and were tempted into theft and other ways of earning plenty of food, fine clothes, and gay companionship, short and steep ways, which ended in sudden and irretrievable ruin.

Our friends devised another plan of relief. They went to the owners of two large and handsome private houses, who had advertised for servants, and said, in effect:

"We will undertake to do the whole work of your house, cooking, waiting, laundry, and chamberwork, as quietly and thoroughly as any trained servants. We will try faithfully to give you no cause to complain of lack of skill, energy, or politeness on our part. We do not expect to find companions in you, nor look for you to make companions of us.

"We only stipulate that our wages shall be regularly paid, that we shall have well-ventilated, comfortable sleeping-rooms, that we shall not be asked to associate with ignorant and untidy servants, and shall be treated with ordinary civility and respect."

The experiment was made, and with success. One of the employers said, "I have never found the machinery of my house run so well and smoothly." The other declared, "I find the difference of having heads and not hands employed at my work."

Both employers and employed had self-respect and intelligence enough to respect each other. The women were lodged in pleasant, comfortable rooms, boarded at a good table, and were paid as high wages as they received in the shop. More than all, they were removed from temptation and had the protection of a home.

They found that the cooking and serving of a meal and the care of a house required *quite as much intelligence, taste, and skill* as the measuring of cotton or dress-goods behind a counter; in fact, that so-called menial work is only ignoble when it is done ignobly.—*Youth's Companion.*

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A young mother desirous of meeting the dawning intelligence of her infant child with something that would interest and at the same time instruct and elevate him, procured a copy of "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," published by the American Tract Society in 1852. The little fellow never wearied of listening to the bits of beautiful, simple poetry, or rather rhymes, and to the mother they soon became as familiar as "Old Mother Goose's Melodies," learned in her early childhood. When this mother would ask her boy, then between two and three years of age, what she should read to him first, his answer invariably was, "The best use of a penny," and "about the mother who threw her poor little baby in the river." A picture of an infant struggling in the jaws of an alligator while the inhuman mother stood indifferently surveying the scene, seemed particularly to touch his baby heart. I should like to copy these simple verses, hoping that they may impress some other child as they did this baby boy.

"See that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred current flows;
With her own maternal hand
'Mid the waves her babe she throws.
Hark! I hear the piteous scream;
Frightful monsters seize their prey,
O'er the dark and bloody stream
Bear the struggling child away.
Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel,
She unmoved that cry can hear.
Send, oh send the Bible there,
Let its precepts reach the heart:
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part."

"Should you wish to be told the best use of a penny?
I'll tell you a way that is better than any;
Not on apples, or cakes, or playthings to spend it,
But over the seas to the heathen to send it.
Come, listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
Of some poor little children far over the seas.
Their color is dark, for our God made them thus,
But He made them with bodies and feelings like us.

"A soul too, that never will die has been given,
And there is room for these children with Jesus in heaven.
But who will now tell of such good things as these
To the poor little heathen far over the seas?

"Little boys in this land are well off indeed;
They have schools every day, where they sing, write and read;
To church they may go, and have pastors to teach
How the true way to heaven through Jesus to reach.
Yet, sad to remember, there are so few of these
For the poor little heathen far over the seas,
Oh! think of this when a penny is given,
'I can help a poor child on his way home to heaven;'
Then give it to Jesus, and He will approve.
Nor scorn e'en the mite if 'tis offered in love,
And oh! when in prayer you to Him bend your knees,
Remember the children far over the seas."

As the years rolled on the boy entered upon the busy scenes of commercial life. Still believing "the best use of a penny" is to consecrate it to the Master's service, he appropriated a tenth of his income to His cause, feeling that he is doing but very little for one who has done so much for him. Oh, that all mothers would embrace the precious moments when their eager, questioning children are clustering around their knees, to impress upon their susceptible minds not only the old, old story of Jesus and His love, but the spirit of the Saviour's parting injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature!"

If we would have a generation of missionaries, the missionary spirit must be inculcated in the nursery. The character of a person depends largely upon the aliment administered to the hungry, assimilating mind of the child during the first four or five years of its life.—*Intelligencer.*

NOAH'S ARK QUILTS.

One of the fashionable little "fads" of the day in fancy work is a Noah's Ark quilt. The quilt can be of serge, cloth, satin sheeting or plain cream sheeting, and is designed and commenced by the lady who starts it. If she is a good worker, she embroiders or appliques the Noah's Ark, which is near the centre of the quilt, but placed high up The animals are all in couples, and form a long procession round the entire quilt, marching round towards the Ark. Sometimes the procession is curved so as to form a design over the entire surface, but this depends on individual taste and fancy. The lady asks her friends and neighbors to work the pairs of animals, usually giving them some choice in the matter. Some of these quilts are very amusing, and really worth keeping. In cream sheeting, the animals may be all in Turkey-red twill, worked with red ingrained thread, or in various colors. This may be an idea for many busy fingers. The animals are generally cut out in paper first, and then in whatever material they are to be worked in, and are copied from a child's colored picture book. It is also occasionally all worked by one pair of hands, on a foundation of double width diagonal serge, with the various animals portrayed in wools, sometimes in cross-stitch first worked on pieces of ordinary canvas, afterwards drawn away, or in outline stitch in crewels, or in another stitch which is being a good deal now used for travelling rugs, bath blankets, etc., which is done by laying wool in strands on the outlined pattern, and tacking it down by small stitches of silk, or a contrasting color. In two shades of color, this works remarkably well, and the edges are usually widely buttonholed in both shades.—*Dorcas Magazine.*

DISH-WASHING.—I have used a mop for two years, and wouldn't be without one for anything. Just think of the advantages! Boiling water can be used, no soap, a clear saving, and lastly no wrinkled hands. Perhaps my hands are my weak point. I do hate to put them into anything dirty, and dish-water is always greasy. With the mop, hold your towel in the left hand, swash the water round until the dish is clean, then lift with the towel and wipe. In this way it is done quickly, and dish-washing ceases to be a bugbear. For pitchers and glasses, fruit jars and other things where one cannot insert the hand the mop is invaluable.

RECIPES.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of rye meal, two cups of milk, one pint of water, two teaspoonfuls each of soda and salt, and one-half cup of molasses; thicken with Indian meal, not too stiff.

MAPLE AVENUE SAUCE.—This is nice for dessert or tea. Peel six oranges and after removing seeds and outside of pulp, chop fine and add one cup of granulated sugar. Let it stand several hours and it will be found very nice.

TO CLEANSE A FEEDING BOTTLE.—You should have two feeding-bottles for the babe, so that one may be used when the other is being cleansed. A good way to clean the bottle is to rinse it out thoroughly with a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda after it has been used, and then let it soak in clean water until needed.

BREAKFAST GEMS.—One cup of sweet milk or water, one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt beaten well together, add about one and one-half cups of flour, stir thoroughly, and bake in hot gem pans in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

CREAMED APPLES.—Pare your fruit, and either scald or bake it until sufficiently soft to pulp it through a colander, sweeten it agreeably to taste, and fill your glasses three parts full with it, then plentifully sprinkle in some powdered cinnamon, put a good layer of rich whipped cream, and sift white sugar upon the top.

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, flavor with lemon. Its bulk and beauty are a surprise. I have taken one-half of the dough and put in cocoanut, and put the same on top of the cake.

SUNDERLAND PUDDINGS.—One pint each of milk and flour, three eggs and a little salt. Butter eight cups and fill them each half full; bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. The puddings will rise over the top of the cup. *Sauce.*—Three eggs and two cups of white sugar beaten to a cream, and add a little vanilla. Set the bowl on the top of the teakettle full of boiling water, and add two tablespoonfuls of boiling milk or water to the sauce, beat well and serve on the puddings.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of unmelted butter, one cup of cold water, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to taste, I use one-fourth of a nutmeg, and add flour till as stiff as can be stirred well. Have plenty of flour on the moulding board, pour out the dough, sift on flour, and roll about one-third inch thick, cut in strips about one inch wide, and fry in hot lard. One secret of light, soft doughnuts is not to have the dough too stiff. I sometimes have to take mine to the kettle on a knife they are so soft.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Slice into a pot of boiling water, one good sized onion, and a tomato, add one scant salt-spoonful of red pepper, salt enough to taste, and the meat. Boil briskly for about one hour. Then place in the oven with enough of the liquid to make gravy, which should be thickened with flour after the meat is a nice brown. Add to the liquid which is left in the pot one good handful of rice, let it boil twenty minutes and you have an excellent soup. I would say that canned tomatoes will do when fresh ones are not to be had.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup of hot water, one-half cup of butter, boil together, and while boiling stir in one cup of sifted flour, dry. Take from the stove and stir to a paste, and after this cools stir in three eggs, not beaten, stir it five minutes, drop in tablespoonfuls on a buttered (or greased with lard), tin, and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes, being careful not to open the oven door oftener than is necessary. Don't let them touch each other in the pan. *Cream for Puffs.*—One cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and flavor. When puffs and cream are cool, open the puffs with a knife and fill with cream.

PUZZLES.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 69 letters.

My 22, 30, 15, 37, 3, 48, is the name of the author of my whole.

My 43, 61, 25, 8, 16, is the name of the place where he spent many years of his life.

My 46, 6, 21, 53, is an animal of which he was very fond.

My 42, 24, 58, 69, 35, is what he was.

My 4, 51, 31, 11, is the name of an article of furniture immortalized by one of his works.

My 23, 57, 10, 36, 62, is the name of an ancient poet whose works he translated.

My 19, 28, 12, 5, 51, 34, 39, is an epithet which he applied to another celebrated poet of antiquity.

My 7, 59, 29, is the number which, taken twice, denotes the length of time that the hero of one of his poems had been married.

My 50, 63, 9, 26, 17, 44, describes the ride which the aforesaid hero took on his wedding-day.

My 40, 49, 60, 27, 65, is what he and his horse could not come to.

My 68, 18, 47, 56, 32, describes his appearance when he set out on his ride.

My 2, 67, 45, 41, are two articles of dress which he lost upon the road.

My 55, 33, 61, 52, 38, 13, describes the mind of his wife.

My 66, 20, 14, 1, was the cause of much annoyance to him while upon his ride.

My whole is two lines by a famous English poet.

CHARADE.

My first is an article.
My second is a personal pronoun.
My third is a ship's officer.
And my whole is to make alive.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS.—1. Ferdinand; 2. Miranda; 3. Anne Page; 4. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek; 5. Olivia; 6. Beatrice; 7. Hermia.

A MARINE SUBSTANCE.—Madrepore.

OCTAGON PUZZLE—

D A B
T O P E R
D O L P H I N
A P P E A S E
B E H A V E D
R I S E N
N E D

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.—1. S-he-et; 2. pr-act-ice; 3. p-rim-ary; 4. t-reason-able; 5. c-ave-at; 6. d-aunt-ing; 7. r-ow-ing; 8. s-cream-ing; 9. b-road-en; 10. lo-Como-tion.

The Family Circle.

THE YOUNG TIPPLER'S PROGRESS.

Glass number one,
Only for fun;
Glass number two,
Other boys do;
Glass number three,
It won't hurt me;
Glass number four,
Only one more.
Glass number five,
Before a drive.

Glass number six,
Brain in a mix;
Glass number seven,
Stars up in heaven;
Glass number eight,
Stars in a pate.
Glass number nine.
Whiskey, not wine.
Glass number ten.
Drinking *again.*

Glass number twenty,
Not yet a plenty.
Drinking with boys,
Drowning his joys;
Drinking with men,
Just now and then.
Wasting his life,
Killing his wife,
Losing respect,
Manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends,
Thus it all ends.

* * * * * *

Glass number one,
Taken in fun,
Ruined his life,
Brought on sad strife,
Blighted his youth,
Sullied his truth,
In a few years
Brought many tears,
Gave only pain,
Stole all his gain,
Made him at last
Friendless outcast.

* * * * * *

Light-hearted boy.
Somebody's joy,
Do not begin
Early in sin,
Grow up a man,
Brave as your can;
Taste not in fun
Glass number one.

—*Living Epistle.*

"CAT-TAIL BRAVES" *V.S.* "CIGAR-STUMP SLAVES."

FANNIE L. FANCHER.

Mrs. Fletcher saw a mysterious curl of smoke issuing from the children's "grand mansion"—a play house constructed from the piano box. Fearing they had carelessly set it on fire, and that it might communicate to her veritable "grand mansion," she hastily ran to extinguish the possible flames. Judge of her consternation at beholding a dirty black smoke pouring from a dozen mouths. Some of the mouths she had quite recently kissed, and thought them so sweet. The boys had begged of Biddy some flour, and the girls had made a cold paste, which they used to fasten securely dried clover within a roll of brown paper to simulate cigars. The lively imagination of children, however, was requisite to see a resemblance.

"Why children!" said she, holding up her hands in horror, "what are you doing? You'll burn yourselves and everything up. Have I not often forbade your getting matches?"

"Didn't," puffed Bert. "George ran home and got 'em."

"Well, you know you ought not to light them. Throw away those horrid things at once and come into the house, every one of you. I want to have a serious talk."

"Oh, mamma!" shouted they in chorus, 'let's just smoke up these, now we've got 'em, it's such fun. They ain't real cigars, and what's the harm?"

"Ah! boys," said she, "you would soon go from these to cigarettes, then to real cigars. No, children, you must shun even the appearance of evil."

"But, mother," said Bert, "Uncle Ben, your brother, smokes; Deacon White 'nd Judge McNeil, 'nd ever so many good men, I might name, 'nd I know I'll do it when I get big, it looks so—so—"

"Smartified," suggested little Floss, who also had been trying to smoke.

"My dear children," sadly said Mrs. Fletcher, "your Uncle Ben formed the wretched habit quite young. He would gladly renounce it; indeed he has often tried but never was a poor negro more a slave to a cruel master, than is he to this cruel, health-destroying habit. His nervous system has been injured thereby, and I fear if he cannot relinquish it, he'll not live many more years. I'm sure that Deacon White and others under this bondage would gladly give it up."

"Don't see why they don't, then," doubtfully rejoined Bert, the eldest, a very venturesome lad, a sort of leader among his companions.

"I could read all day from medical works the testimony of eminent physicians proving to you the various injurious effects of this poisonous weed upon the human system."

"Is it really a poison, Mrs. Fletcher?" asked George Lamb, a neighbor's son.

"So great a poison that were you to put only a drop of the oil on Spottie's tongue, it would kill her in a few minutes.

"Let's try it on, boys," slyly whispered George, who was given to pranks.

"No! no!" shrieked Flossy, running and capturing her kitten, fondling and caressing the purring pet. "The naughty, wicked boys shan't give you the nasty pizen stuff; Flossy'll take care of you, she will."

"If that's so, mother," said Bert, "I should think it would kill the men outright."

"That's so," echoed the others.

"Children," said Mrs. Fletcher, "you all know Mr. Bliss, who keeps the large apiary a short distance from the city?"

"Oh, yes, where we get our honey," replied they.

"Well, I heard him say, not long since, that 'the sting of bees had ceased for years to poison him, as his system had become so inoculated with the poison.' This is, doubtless, one reason that tobacco does not 'kill the men outright.' They have taken it into their systems so gradually. I dare say the most inveterate chewer or smoker would not dare to take at once, a drop of the oil or nicotine. I have told you before that its use often leads to strong drink. A great thirst is caused by the exhaustion of the salivary glands. Few drinking men we see who do not use tobacco in some form. Here are the actual figures in a book. George, you may read it for our benefit. Statistics show that ninety-five percent of inebriates use tobacco."

"Whew!" whistled Bert, "that's a good many out of a hundred."

"Supposing, dear children," said their mother, earnestly, "what I have told you on this subject is not true, is it not sufficient reason for you all to abstain from forming this habit when you know your parents do not want you to? Do you love your mother, children?"

"Yes! yes!" shouted they, vieing for the first caress."

"Then you surely do not wish to torture or hurt me?"

"Why, mamma, what do you mean?" exclaimed they.

"I mean this, my precious boys. I would rather die at once than to live and see any of you indulging in such debasing things. Only the other day I saw Frank, Deacon White's son, in the street car, tobacco juice oozed from the corners of his mouth, and my new suit was in constant danger from the spittle that he expectorated here and there. Pity and disgust struggled in my heart for the mastery. Pity conquered, for, thought I, the poor boy has doubtless inherited the appetite from his father. Last winter I was talking with Mr. Downs (you all know how nearly dead with paralysis he is), and he excused his excessive use of tobacco, on the grounds of a hereditary appetite, said he could not remember when he did not crave it. When but a small child he would steal it from his father's pocket and go away by himself to enjoy the stolen morsel which never sickened* him as it does most boys when using it for the first time. Alas! parents can, and do, give their offspring a desire for strong drink and tobacco. In such cases," said she, abstractedly, "no one but God knows how much the children are accountable. This is why, children, I felt sorry for Frank White, even though he disgusted me, and my heart ached for his poor mother, to whom it must be a trial. Then I breathed a silent prayer to die before I should ever see my boys doing so."

"Well, mother," said Bert, "of course that looks bad, and I guess if all tobacco users only chewed, or smoked a dirty old pipe, we boys wouldn't care to follow their example. But when Carl Ross, Gus Lewis and Harry Bond passed by, dressed so smart, with a cigar in their mouths, I've thought I'd do just so when I got big and tall."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Fletcher, "they are nice looking young men anyway, and their wealth enables them to support some style, but to me they would look more manly and strong without the cigars. To do a thing merely because others do, denotes weakness, and all sensible people can't help but honor the young men who stand firm against the pressure, resisting these alluring temptations. I fear, Bert, it would kill me outright to see you smoking a cigar."

"Well, I've wanted to smoke 'em ever and ever so bad some day," said he, sorrowfully, as if a great aspiration had been blighted. "But if you feel so bad about it, mother, I won't—'pon my word of honor I won't ever do it. I'll tell you what boys," his face suddenly lighting up, "let's get up a society and get all we can to sign our pledge. If tobacco's such a bad thing as mother says (and I allus find she's right 'bout every thing), 'tought to be banished from the land. Lots of folks are fighting against whiskey, and that book says it makes fellers hanker after it, so they'd better fight it just as hard. Why, lots of boys, younger'n me, use tobacco. They pick up all the cigar stumps they can find. We must get 'em to join us."

Here Bert paused for breath, after making such a long speech. His nature was so enthusiastic, whatever he undertook he did with all his might.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Fletcher, "I'll write a pledge for you, but it is a serious matter to sign one.

"Yes, we know it, mother," said Bert, "for we all did when we joined the 'Cold Water Army.'"

"A million dollars wouldn't make me break mine," said Mark.

"Nor mine," shouted they in chorus.

"Reach me my writing desk, Mark. Now," said Mrs. F——, "Shall we call your band 'The Freedom League?' Because you do not intend to become slaves."

"Yes, yes!" shouted they. "That sounds big."

"Well, how does this suit you all?"

"Pledge of 'The Freedom League.' We, the undersigned, promise to abstain from the use of tobacco in any form till we are thirty years of age; and we will not in any manner abet its use."

"Why not have it for always?" asked Edward, one of the neighbor's children.

"And what's the use of that last part?" asked Bell.

"Well," answered Mrs. F——, "when you are thirty years of age you will be, I trust, sensible men, hence would not then contract the foolish habit. The latter clause is very important. You might all agree not to use it, then cultivate it on your farms, or sell it in your stores, which would be abetting its use."

"Right here will come in the girls' part of the pledge. As girls or women seldom use tobacco (at least in the northern states) it would seem unnecessary for them to sign such a pledge. But alas! the girls all over the land abet its use by receiving the attention of young men who smoke or chew. If they would shun the fast fellow, who drinks a little, swears a little, and smokes a good deal, they would improve his morals in so doing."

"Well," said little Lynn, "I think that's a boss pledge, and now—turning a somersault—I'm ready to sign it. Then let's go and play."

"You may do so," said mamma, "as you are eight years of age, and old enough to keep your promise."

"Course I am. This whole house full o' candy wouldn't make me break it."

"You better not take any names younger than eight years of age; and when you have twenty members we'll celebrate in a 'telling' manner the birth of 'The Freedom League.'"

A few evenings after the event narrated a crowd of some twenty boys assembled on Fletcher lawn. Soon a magnificent torch-light procession wended around the square. The brilliant torches were merely cat-tail bags, dipped in kerosene oil. A beautiful illuminated banner proclaimed their platform—"The Freedom League." "Down with tobacco bondage."

"Clear brains, sweet mouths, pure breaths, say we;
From tobacco's thraldom God ever keep us free."

Following in their wake were a dozen or more boys with cigar stumps alight in their mouths. Every little while they'd give a derisive shout: "Hi, yi, cat-tail braves." The retaliating cry would be, "Hi, yi, cigar stump slaves," or "Hi, yi, tobacco slaves."

My dear young readers, could you have seen the opposing forces I think I know which crowd you would have pronounced the bravest, and which you would rather have joined. I sincerely hope you will, one and all, be led to do right in this important matter. Some time has elapsed since the birth of "The Freedom League," and I am happy to state it is still flourishing.—*Christian at Work.*

* A fact.

LITTLE JAPANESE GIRLS.

Far away, over the blue Pacific, in the shadow of the great mountain Fusi-yama, there is a school where the girls, at first sight, look very much like sisters. For they all have dark eyes and dark hair, and they are dressed precisely alike in dresses of soft, dark stuff, made very simply with straight full skirts, with waists brought in a sort of crossed-kerchief style over the pretty plump shoulders and fastened by a broad, loosely-tied sash. Their teachers, some of whom have come from America to instruct these little Japanese girls, say that they are very gentle and obedient, and that they learn very quickly. And I am of the same opinion, at least about the learning, for, knowing how hard some little English-speaking children find it to write compositions, I am often surprised at the progress these Japanese girls make in writing out their ideas, not in their own tongue, but in ours. Just think how hard it is for you, Amy or Allison, to write your French exercises, or to compose a theme in Latin or in German, and then consider the trouble it must be to a Japanese girl to write her essay in pure, good, really beautiful English.

Well, one day some weeks ago, there were sorrowful faces in the school under the shadow of the mountain. One of the girls, a dear girl, and a great favorite, one, too, who in another year would be graduated so that she could teach her own people if she chose, had received a letter from home. In it her father told her very sorrowfully that she must bid good-by to the foreign teachers, and the lady who taught her pretty Japanese etiquette, how to pour tea daintily, and entertain visitors, and talk in sweet silvery little phrases, and also to the Chinese professor who drilled her in Chinese classics. She could not attend any longer the Bible class that she was so fond of, nor join in the morning and evening hymn. Father was very sorry. But he had so little money this year, and he had met with losses, and he could not any longer pay for his daughter at the missionary's school.

The girls felt very sorry. They held a meeting about it after school. Then they came to the principal with a proposal. It was this;

"If you," said they, "will teach our schoolmate for nothing for the rest of the time till she finishes the course, we, out of our own pocket-money, will pay for her board and all other expenses."

As it costs sixty dollars a year to educate a pupil in this school, the girls were undertaking to raise thirty dollars out of their own little pocket-money. If you knew how very little they have, you would understand how many sacrifices they must make in order to raise this amount. But they could not let their friend lose her Christian education.—*Aunt Marjorie in Christian Intelligencer.*

A FUNNY STORY ABOUT HORSES.

A traveller in New England saw the following sign on a board that was nailed to a fence near a village;

"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, $1.50; short tails, $1."

The traveller halted and asked the owner of the land why there was such a difference in the price of board for horses.

"Well, you see," said the man, "the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short ones are so tormented by them they can hardly eat at all."

A CEYLONESE BIRD-HUNTER.

"Scorpions!" and my friend started from his chair, and began to examine the floor.

He was visiting me on one of the small keys that go to make up the great coral reef of Florida; and it was our custom to move our easy chairs out upon the veranda every evening, and amid the rustle of the banana and of the palm leaves, and in full view of the Southern Cross, to talk over our other homes in the distant north.

The occasion of my friend's exclamation at this particular time was an audible crunching sound, followed by a scratching on the matting, that had a decided meaning to the dwellers on the reef.

"I thought so," he continued, moving his chair; then taking a stick, he lifted the remains of a great scorpion that had been rocked upon. Not a pleasant object, with the claws of a crab, the body of a cockroach without wings, and behind all a snake-like tail that twitched to and fro, hurling the sharp sting first into its body, and then into the floor. After stinging itself violently, it died.

This action is the so-called suicide of the scorpion, and the story is often seen and told that the insect, when in a tight place, destroys itself to end its sufferings. This, however, is an error.

The insect merely stings itself in its agony, just as a man tears his hair when in great suffering, so that death is only the accidental result. In some of the extreme tropical countries the sting of the scorpion is supposed to be deadly; but here, about sixty miles from Cuba, it is not more painful than that of an angry bee or wasp, but the disagreeable appearance of the insect always adds to the pain.

At night they come out from the board piles and walls to prey upon other insects, and often the first warning of their presence is the uncanny form crawling upon one's clothes, or the crunch of their destruction under foot.

They are purely night animals, but can be found in great numbers under old board piles; and, curiously enough, those on one of the islands are white instead of black.

When the young scorpions appear, they cling to the parent, and cover her body, so that the mother presents a curious appearance, bristling with armed tails. When alarmed, the scorpion instantly raises its tail over its back, and strikes down at the offender; but when an insect is captured by it, it is held in its claws and repeatedly struck, and so held aloft until its struggles are ended.

These scorpions were rarely over four inches long, mere pigmies to some my friend had met with in the island of Ceylon. The latter, far from being contented with cockroaches and other small game, preyed upon birds and lizards, and were dreaded by the natives and whites alike.

"I have a decided dislike for scorpions," tossing the unfortunate over the rail in the direction of a favorite ant's nest, "owing to a very remarkable experience I had with them in Ceylon.

"While there, I visited the bungalow of a German friend at Belligam, and a more delightful spot you cannot imagine; it was an earthly paradise, with two exceptions,—one, the scorpions, and you will agree with me when I tell you that they attained a length of twelve inches; the other exception was the leeches. Not the aquatic kind, that we have, but a land variety that lived upon the leaves and trees, and fell upon you like rain as you passed; and, to give you a definite idea of their ferocity, it is an actual fact that during the Sikh rebellion in India, the British regiments were routed by these animals and a retreat was ordered. Some of the men bled to death from the innumerable wounds received.

"On the first morning after my arrival at my friend's place," he continued, "I saw my native boy shake a scorpion out of my shoe, and later I found that among the many servants about the place, the most appreciated was the shaker, whose duty it was to devote his entire time to shaking clothes and airing them; also shoes, and all articles of wear, to remove the scorpions, lizards, centipedes and snakes that may have crawled in during the night. So you may be sure the shaker had my hearty co-operation.

"The scorpions from their great size attracted my especial attention, and I lost no occasion in studying their habits and ways.

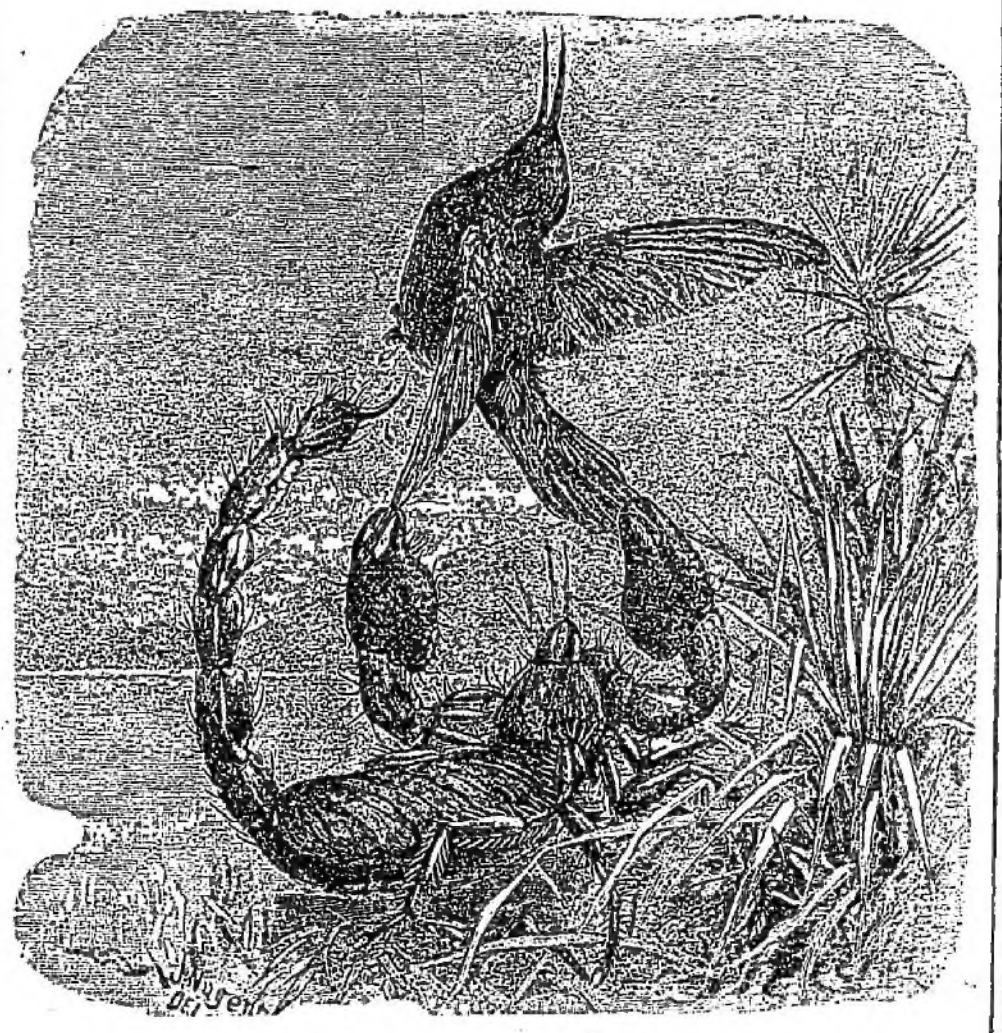
"The house scorpions rarely were over seven inches in length, including the tail, but those that I found in the wood were gigantic, often twelve inches, and doubtless some of them attained a still greater length.

"The magnificent garden was a famous place for them.

"One day I was the unseen witness of a most remarkable bird-hunt, in which a scorpion was the chief actor. I was sitting under a great palm-tree partly surrounded by vines when I heard a rustling quite near at hand, as if some animal was crawling over dried leaves, and turning my head, I saw a huge scorpion coming out of some dried wood and moving along towards a rock that stood near. A more disagreeable object can hardly be imagined; its great jointed sting was curved over its back, and its two crab-like claws were held aloft,—the very picture of aggressive warfare.

"In a few moments it reached the rock, that was under and almost in the midst of a rich flowering shrub, and stretched itself upon the surface in the broiling sun, evidently, as I thought, for a warming up after the damp night under the dead wood.

"But the object of the giant was very different from what I had supposed. In a few moments I noticed a number of small honey-birds, the beautiful creatures that seem to take the place of our humming-



THE CEYLONESE BIRD-HUNTER.

birds in the East, darting about from flower to flower.

"As they approached the scorpion, it seemed to shrink closer to the stone, and if I had not seen it take up its position there, I should not have noticed it, and I assumed that the birds were not aware of their danger as they darted over it, seemingly without fear. But this confidence, if such it was, was wholly misplaced.

"Suddenly, to my astonishment, I saw the great insect raise its claws and seize one of the birds by the wing and tail, and then both insect and bird seemed engaged in a convulsive struggle, the bird attempting to fly away, beating the monster with its wings, dragging it along, picking at it with its sharp, delicate bill, and showing every evidence of alarm and fear.

"The scorpion merely clung to its prey, hanging on to it with its claws, and spreading out its other legs, thus offering the greatest resistance possible. Very soon the bird became exhausted, and at the first evidence of weakening, the scorpion seemed to make an effort to raise it, at the same time striking at it with its tail or sting. For several moments these attempts were made, and every time the bird managed to flutter beyond the reach of the deadly sting.

"These continued endeavors, however, resulted in the ultimate death of the bird, as finally, by a vigorous effort, the great insect threw itself upon its prey, and the swinging tail struck the bird fairly in the breast. The effect was electrical, and fully demonstrated the poisonous character of the venom. Almost immediately the victim became rigid; its strength ceased, its eyes closed, and the unfortunate bird fell limp and dying, half covering its destroyer."—*Youth's Companion.*

A BAD TEMPER CURED.

"I should like to tell you my case," said a tall, fine-looking, gentlemanly man, with a bright, beaming countenance. I had been speaking at a meeting in a large provincial town, on the mighty power of Divine grace, as all-sufficient to save and deliver from the habit of besetting sins. At the close of the meeting this gentleman accosted me, as above, and added, "I keep a school, and for years my temper was sadly tried by my boys. Being, as I trust I am, a converted man, and a professing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I felt that by giving way to my temper I was dishonoring my Lord and Master. This was a sad grief to me. It was a bad example for my boys, and I knew it must mar my influence with them.

"I struggled against it. I made it a subject of earnest prayer. Night after night I confessed my sin, and sought strength to overcome it, but all in vain. I then wrote down and kept on my desk a memorandum of my transgressions, hoping that the constant sight of the reminder of my sins might serve as a check and cure, but still in vain. The outbursts of temper broke over all such barriers. Again and again I confessed, and wept over my sad and sinful habit. I was injuring my own soul and dishonoring my Lord in the presence of the whole school. This state of things went on for weeks and months. I knew not what to do. All my efforts were fruitless; all my good resolutions were broken. I was at length so driven to utter self-despair as regarded this matter, that one night I fell upon my knees, and cried unto the Lord and said: 'It is no use, Lord; I give it up; undertake for me.'

"It is now five years since this happened. The Lord did undertake for me; He did for me what I could not do for myself. Since that time I have never once been out of temper with my boys, nor have I once felt the inclination to be so. I thought you would like to have your words confirmed by this account of my experience." Such was in substance the language of the speaker.—*The Helmet.*

DRESS IN THE SCHOOL.

(From the Westminster Teacher.)

It is no uncommon thing to see a class cleave and drift apart at the dress line. The first evidence of discomfort will ordinarily be on the part of the poorer girls. An upturned nose and a scornful gathering of the little mouth will be bestowed upon "those proud things," as the humbler fancy the richer to be. Mortified by the inferiority of their own clothes, irritated by this sense of inferiority at so sensitive a point, they attribute to their richer companions feelings and contentions of which they may be wholly innocent. They will draw apart, with a "you-may-sit-by-yourself-if-you-want-to" air, which will soon be met by an answering anger; and so the class is rent in its spirit, and the teacher's power for good is sorely damaged. Or, with no show of passion, the chagrined girls will quietly stay away, and be lost to the saving influences of the school and the church. So small a matter—apparently so small—may do, and does, mischief that is never remedied.

What can be done about it? If girls of varying social position and wealth are in the same class, the teacher can do something by watching for the first appearance of this trouble, and seeking to counteract it. But the mothers can do what the teachers cannot; they can control the dress of their daughters. The teacher may suggest to the girls that it is not well to bring their finery for display to the house of God, or to excite the envy of others by a show of dress, but the mother can command. Girls must have new clothes; the spring bonnets and the fall dresses are as irresistible as the seasons themselves; but let parents see to it that the first shock of these novelties fall not on the Sunday-school class, where the fresh bravery will awaken envy and ill-will. On the other hand, let the mothers of the poorer homes seek to awaken contentment, thankfulness, and superiority to the mere externals of finery and style.

On the continent of Europe a gay dress is deemed utterly out of place in church. In going to the house of God, simplicity, absolute simplicity, is the rule. May we not copy Europe in this respect with advantage? Would not the worship of grown people, as well as that of the children, be helped, if simplicity in dress were the rule for the church and Sunday-school?

A USEFUL HINT.

An earnest Christian farmer, who lives four miles from church in one of the staid New England towns, and whose family consists of only himself and his wife, sends three teams every Sabbath to take to church people who reside in his neighborhood and have no conveyance of their own. His example is worthy of imitation. The vacant pews might be filled up in this way, and many infirm and aged people would rejoice to share in the worship of the sanctuary, of which they have long been deprived.

A FAMILY BIBLE.

A missionary writes from Tinnevelly: "Passing up the main street of Palamcotta, we noticed the neat houses of the native Christians; over the door of one were the words, 'Welcome: Peace be with you all.' We accepted the general invitation and entered the house, and saw a respectable happy family. On the table was the family Bible, in which we noticed several slips of paper as markers. We were told one marked the portion for family prayer; another was the husband's mark for private reading, another the wife's and another the children's. It was a family Bible indeed!"

AN OLD WOMAN, who was a cripple, had come a long way for a second interview with a missionary in China. He asked what she remembered of their former talk. She answered: "I am old, and my heart is thick, and I have no memory. I only remember two things: That God is my Father in heaven, and that His Son Jesus died on the cross for my sins." Who shall say, till the harvest, what sheaves shall be gathered from the seed sown by the itinerant missionary who may be heard perhaps but once by the sinner as he passes by?

OUR DEAR BARBARA.

(From Home Heroes.)

(Continued.)

Hurt by the tone and words of Mrs. Grayson, Barbara retired slowly toward the door; seeing which, the child stood up screaming after her wildly, and fluttering his little hands as if they were wings to bear him to his beloved nurse. The tender heart of Barbara was not proof against this appeal, and she returned with hesitating steps.

"Didn't I tell you to go to your room?" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson, passionately.

"Yes, ma'am, but I can't go. Let me take Georgie, won't you, please?"

The voice of Barbara was low, imploring, and husky with feeling; her face pale and distressed.

"Barbie! Barbie! Take Georgie!"

Mrs. Grayson yielded. Georgie sprang into the arms of his nurse, who, with tear-covered face, bore him from the room.

"I think, ma'am," said the chamber-maid, soon after breakfast, "that you'd better go over and see Barbie."

"See Barbie? Why? Is anything the matter?"

"She's in bed yet."

"In bed?"

"Yes, ma'am. And I think she's very ill."

Mrs. Grayson waited to hear no more, but went over quickly to the nursery, where she found Barbara in bed.

"Are you ill, Barbie?" she asked, kindly, laying her hand upon the girl's forehead, which she found hot with fever.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Barbie, in a dull, half-unconscious manner.

"How long have you felt unwell?"

"I had a chill this morning."

"After you came from my room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you any pain?"

"I feel so tight here, in my breast, that I can hardly breathe."

"Is there pain as well as tightness?"

"When I take a long breath."

And then Barbie lay very still and heavy.

There was no mistaking the fact. Barbie was seriously ill. Some little resistance was made by the children on attempting to remove them from her room; but they yielded when told by their mother with a hushed, serious voice, and a sober countenance, "that poor Barbie was sick," and must be kept very quiet.

When the doctor, who was immediately called, saw the sick girl, his looks betrayed concern; and when questioned earnestly by Mrs. Grayson on leaving her room, he said that it was an attack of acute pneumonia.

"Then she is in danger?" said Mrs. Grayson, a pallor overspreading her face.

"In great danger, madam," was the emphatic reply.

"What is to be done?" asked the lady, turning her hands within and around each other, like one in pain and bewilderment of mind.

"You must keep her perfectly quiet, and give the medicines I leave in the order prescribed," said the doctor.

"Will you call in again to-day?"

"Yes. I will see her before night."

"And you think her really in danger?"

Mrs. Grayson's voice betrayed great anxiety.

"No good can arise from concealing the fact, madam. Yes, the girl is in danger, as I have already told you."

"Don't neglect her, doctor!" Mrs. Grayson's voice was choked. "Oh, if we lose Barbie, what shall we do?

"I will not neglect her, madam!"

Did the doctor mean anything by this emphasis of the pronoun? Doubtless, for he looked steadily at Mrs. Grayson until her eyes fell. He had not been in attendance for years in her family without comprehending the position and duties of Barbie.

Reader, we will have no concealments with you—this sickness is unto death! Yes, even so!

Day after day the fatal disease progressed with a steadiness and rapidity that set medical skill at defiance; and when at last it became apparent to all that the time of Barbie's departure was at hand, a shadow of deep sorrow fell upon the household of Mrs. Grayson.

What would they all do without Barbie? She had grown into the whole economy of things; was a pillar in the goodly framework of that domestic temple; and how was she to be taken away without a loss of strength and symmetry?

But death waits not on human affairs. The feet of Barbie were already bared for descent into the river whose opposite shore touches the land of immortal beauty; and and in spite of skill, care, regret, and sorrow, the hour of her departure drew near, until it was at hand.

True to the last, Barbie's thoughts dwelt always on the children; and she felt the disabilities of sickness as an evil only in the degree that it robbed them of the care she knew to be so needful to their comfort and happiness. If she heard Willie cry, or Georgie complain, she grew restless or troubled. Every day she had them brought to her bedside that she might look at them, and utter, were it ever so feebly, a word of love.

"Dear, dear! Won't I be well soon, doctor? What will the children do?"

How many times was this said, even after hope had failed in the physician's heart! At last the time came when concealment from Barbara of her real state was felt to be wrong, and the duty of the communication devolved upon Mrs. Grayson.

"Barbie!" she said, as she sat alone by her beside, forcing herself to speak because she dared not any longer keep silence. "Barbie!" she repeated, with so much feeling that the sick girl lifted her dull eyes feebly to her face, and looked at her earnestly. "Barbie, the doctor thinks you very ill."

"Does he?" The tones were untroubled.

"Yes; and we all think you ill, Barbie."

"I know I'm very weak and sick, ma'am."

She sighed faintly.

"If you should never get well, Barbie?"

"That is, if I should die?" There was no tremor in her feeble voice.

"Yes, Barbie. Are you willing to go?"

"If God pleases." She said this reverently, as her eyelids closed.

"And you are not afraid to die?"

The eyes of Barbie opened quickly.

"No, ma'am," she answered, with the simplicity of a child.

"You have a hope of heaven, Barbie?" Mrs. Grayson tried to speak calmly, but her voice did not wholly conceal the flutter in her heart.

"Children who believe in Jesus go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"I love children. Jesus loves little children."

She said no more. That was her answer.

After a pause, Mrs. Grayson said,—

"The doctor thinks you will not get well."

"As God wills it," was her calm response.

"You have done your duty, Barbie."

"I have tried to, ma'am, and prayed God to forgive me when I failed."

"You have read your Bible often?"

"Every day." A light gleamed over her countenance.

"You loved to read that good Book?" said Mrs. Grayson.

"Oh, yes. I always felt as if my Saviour was near me when I read the Bible. Won't you read me a chapter now? I haven't heard even a verse since I was sick."

Mrs. Grayson took from a table Barbie's well-worn Bible, and read, with as firm a voice as she could command, one of the Psalms of David. She did not attempt to make a selection, but opened the book and read the first chapter on which her eyes rested. It was the twenty-third.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me down to lie in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Mrs. Grayson shut the book, and looked at Barbie. There was light all over her wasted countenance, and her dull eyes had found a new lustre.

"It is God's Word," said the sick girl, smiling as she spoke; "and I always feel when it is read as though He was near by and speaking to me."

She closed her eyes again, and for a little while lay very still. Then her lips moved, and Mrs. Grayson bent low to catch the murmur of sound that floated out upon the air.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."

All was still again. Mrs. Grayson felt as she had never felt before. It seemed to her as if she were not alone with Barbie, and she turned, under the strong impression, to see who had entered the room. But not to mortal eyes were any forms visible. And yet, the impression not only remained, but grew stronger, and with it came a sense of deep peace that lay upon her soul like a benediction from heaven. All things of natural life receded from her thought, taking with them their burden of care, anxiety, and grief.

In this state of mind she sat for many minutes like one entranced, looking at the face of Barbie, which actually seemed to grow beautiful. Then there came a gradual awakening. The consciousness of other presences grew feebler and feebler, until Mrs. Grayson felt that she was alone with Barbie. No! Barbie had gone with the angels who came to bear her upward to her heavenly home.

"Is it over?" asked the doctor, who called on the next day to see his patient.

"Yes; it is over," replied Mrs. Grayson, tears of true sorrow filling her eyes.

"How and when did she die?"

Mrs. Grayson told the simple but moving story of Barbie's departure.

"And went right up to heaven," said the doctor, turning his face partly away to hide the signs of feeling. Then he said, "I must take a last look at faithful Barbie."

And they moved to the room where her body, all ready for burial, was laid. On the wall of this room hung a portrait of the nurse surrounded by the children to whom her life had been devoted with such loving care. It was a most faithful likeness, giving all her living expression; for the sun had done the work of portraiture. After looking at the soulless face of the departed one for a few moments, the doctor turned to the almost speaking portrait, and gazed at it for some time. Then taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote these two words carefully and legibly in a bold hand on the white margin below the picture—

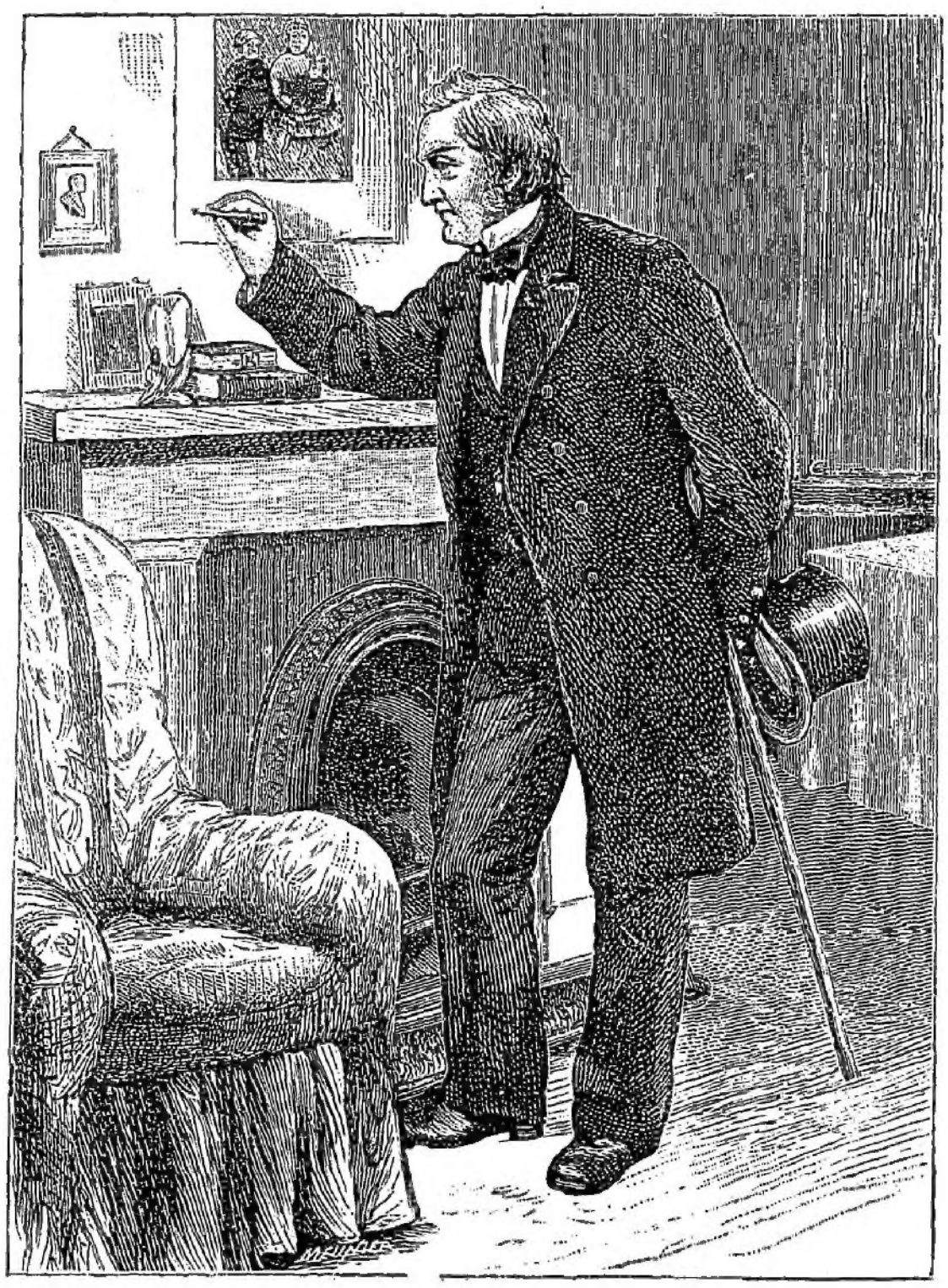
"DEAR BARBARA,"

and turning away, left the apartment without a word.

In Mrs. Grayson's nursery, richly framed, hangs this picture of "Dear Barbara," and the children stand and look at it every day, and talk of her in hushed tones almost reverently. Of her it may with truth be written: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Blessed Barbara! The world knows you not, and the Church has failed to enroll you in the calendar of her worthies. But you are canonized for all that; and your memory is sacred in the hearts of children.

THE END.



THE DOCTOR WRITING UNDER BARBARA'S PORTRAIT.

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The house was a marvel of architectural beauty, and its furniture the richest and most elegant that Paris could supply. All that money was able to procure for the heart's satisfaction had the princely owner of this splendid mansion gathered around him. Was he happy? We shall see.

"Is Mr. Goldwin at home?" asked a gentleman at the door of this mansion.

"Yes, sir." And the visitor was shown into the library, where Mr. Goldwin sat alone.

"Ah, Mr. Latimer! Glad to see you."

And the two men shook hands with the cordiality of friends.

When they were seated, each regarding the other with a kindly interest, Mr. Latimer said familiarly and with genuine warmth—"It is pleasant to look into your face again. I could not pass through the city without seeing you."

"I should have been sorry if you had done so. Old friends are worth more than new ones. That's my experience."

"You are not looking so well as when I last saw you." And Mr. Latimer leaned closely to his friend and scanned his face narrowly. "Not as well in either mind or body I should say."

"You read the signs aright," Mr. Goldwin answered.

"What's the meaning of it?" asked his friend. "A man who counts his hundreds of thousands of pounds ought to be at ease in mind, and have full opportunity to look after his bodily condition."

"As to the ease of mind," was replied, "that is something which great wealth does not bring; but rather care, and worry, and vexation of spirit. I give you my experience, and observation tells me that it differs little from that of other men in my position."

"What are you doing with your money?" queried the friend.

"Doing as other men—seeking to make it as largely productive as possible."

"Adding bond to bond, house to house, land to land?"

"Yes."

"Are you six, or ten, or twenty percent happier every year, according to the ratio of increase in your fortune?"

Mr. Goldwin, whose eyes had been resting on the floor in a dreary kind of stare, raised them quickly to the face of his friend and looked at him curiously.

"You never thought of that?"

"No."

"What profit, then, if our gains do not add to our happiness—if we do not reap a double interest?"

"None that I can see," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"There must be a mistake somewhere in the calculation of most men who get rich. They seek wealth as above all things desirable; and yet a happy rich man is rarely, if ever, found. Some that I know are among the most miserable people to be found."

Mr. Goldwin heaved a deep sigh, but made no answer.

"There is no reason why a rich man should not be among the happiest on earth; for to him God has given the largest opportunity."

"In the means of enjoyment?"

"Yes."

"From some sad defect in the order of things, these means do not reach the end so much desired," said Mr. Goldwin.

"Our own fault is a misuse of the means."

"You were always a preaching philosopher," said Mr. Goldwin, with a forced smile. "I'm in a listening mood. Go on."

"The Being who made us," resumed his friend, "created us to be the happiest in all the wide universe. He created us for happiness, and stamped upon us His image and His likeness. The law of His happiness He made the law of our happiness. Can we be anything but miserable if we violate that law? Now what is that law?"

Mr. Goldwin did not answer.

"The Lord is a giver—never a receiver. Always and for ever He is giving to His creatures; first life, and then everything to make life blessed. Are you a giver, my dear old friend?"

Mr. Goldwin's head dropped slowly until it rested on his bosom. Very still he sat for a long time. A dim perception of what his friend meant began to dawn upon his mind.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Latimer, "for any creature who violates the true order of his being to be happy? Let us take an illustration. Suppose the lungs, instead of giving back to the heart for distribution through the arteries and veins the blood that is constantly pouring in upon it, were selfishly to keep the rich treasure of life to themselves, would not congestion, pain, and death be the result? 'To give is to live,' is a saying full of the profoundest truth; and so is this other saying: 'We only possess what we have bestowed.' God is the great giver, and only in the degree that we are like Him can we be happy. This is the burden of all preaching and the essence of all Scripture. To seek for happiness in any other way is fruitless."

Mr. Goldwin lifted his head, and looked for some moments earnestly into his friend's face.

"To give is to live." He repeated the sentence in a slow and thoughtful manner. "I have heard that saying before, but did not see its meaning. It touched my ear as an idle play upon words."

"It involves the whole philosophy of life," answered Mr. Latimer. "It expresses the law stamped on all nature, animate and inanimate. The earth gives its vitalizing force to seeds and nourishes the tender roots. The roots send up the living juices they receive, and give them to the growing stems and trunk; these in turn forward the treasures of life to the branch, leaves and flowers; and these again conspire with the whole plant or tree for the production of fruits and seeds that are for the use of man and beast. Nothing for itself—each and all for others. This is God's image and likeness in creation. But man obliterates that image and likeness, and sets at naught the Divine law. Is it any wonder that all through life his way is strewn thickly with disappointment, sorrow and pain? How could it be otherwise? If a clear stream breaks from its narrow boundary and goes wandering off into low meadow lands, where nature has made no channel for its course, shall we be surprised to find it in after years the source of poisonous miasmas and marshy wastes, full of foul and hurtful creatures? Evil is often some perverted good—the violation of some Divine law; and all mental pain has this origin, and this alone. If we seek happiness in obedience to the law of God, we shall find it—if not, not. The rule has no exception."

"Rich and poor are alike bound," said Mr. Goldwin, drawing a deep breath as he spoke.

"Alike bound," answered his friend. "They who regard only themselves, be they high or low, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, will find no true peace or rest either in this world or the next."

A servant opened the door and said—"Mr. Orton is here."

"Tell him to come in," answered Mr. Goldwin, without rising. "My agent," he said, speaking to Mr. Latimer. "I will detain him only a few minutes to-day."

A small, hard-faced man of about fifty came in.

"Anything special?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"It can wait until to-morrow, I presume. I'm engaged to-day."

"Not very well, sir. It is the matter of Hart and Wilson's rent. We must give notice of an advance to-day, or they will hold over for another year at seventeen hundred pounds; and we can get two thousand just as well as not. It would cost them twice this advance to move, besides deranging their business. I'd put the rate at two thousand three hundred if I were you. They'll pay it rather than risk the loss of going into another neighborhood."

"Have you talked with them about an advance?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, talked like all the rest of them—made a dreadful poor mouth. Said their business hadn't earned a pound for the last six months. But all this goes in one ear and out the other with me. I'm used to it. The warehouse is worth to you what it will bring, and you ought to get it."

"Business has not been good for the past year," said Mr. Goldwin.

"That's nothing to us, sir. Real estate keeps up, and good business places like this one are in demand. If Hart and Wilson can't make the rent, somebody else can. Shall I give them notice of an advance?"

Mr. Goldwin did not reply immediately. A struggle to which he was wholly unused was going on in his mind.

"Three hundred pounds," he said at length, speaking in a low, reflective tone, "will not be much to me. Whether added to or taken away from my income I shall not perceive the difference. But to these men, exposed to the perils of business, safety or ruin may turn on the pivot of this sum. No, Mr. Orton, I will not advance the rent."

The agent's look of surprise was a commentary on his principal's usual determination in such cases.

"These men have you to thank," said Mr. Goldwin, as Mr. Orton retired. "But for our talk I would have raised the rent."

"And in so doing add nothing to your happiness."

"Nothing."

"Do you feel better or worse, for this human consideration of others?" asked Mr. Latimer. "Look down into your consciousness and see how the case stands. Is the sense of failure to add three hundred pounds to your income for the next year strong enough to obliterate the satisfaction that pervades your heart with the very warmth of heaven."

"It is not strong enough," said the rich man. "Ah, my friend!" he added, with earnestness, "you have opened for me the door of a new world, and given me glimpses of a new order of life. I feel something here," and he laid his hand against his breast, "that I have never felt before—a rest, a peace, a satisfaction that no gain of money, no matter how large, ever produced."

"The reason is clear," answered his friend. "You have considered another's good rather than your own; and in so doing have turned from self to God—turned as a flower turns to the sun and receives light and warmth into its bosom."

"You speak in attractive metaphor," said Mr. Goldwin.

"No, in plain truth. We turn our souls from God when we turn our affections to self and the world; and then, of course, we are in darkness, cold, disquietude, and pain; how could it be otherwise, when God is the only source of light and warmth, of tranquility and joy? We turn ourselves toward Him when, like Him, we seek the good of others, and the blessedness of His life begins to flow into ours."

"A new Gospel," said Mr. Goldwin, with feeling.

"No. It is two thousand years old: 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another.' 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them.'"

(To be Continued.)

"ARE YOU A GIVER, MY DEAR OLD FRIEND?"

IS IT TRUE? Is it kind? Is it necessary? These are very proper questions for one to ask and answer, when he finds himself about to speak evil of some one else. And if he answers any one of them in the negative, then he had better omit the evil speaking. The observance of this rule will save him from doing evil himself.

TWO WAYS OF TAKING A HOLIDAY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Just one month before school begins!" said Bertha, with a sigh. "You to study, and I to teach. I wish it was longer, for I have so much to do."

"Only a month!" echoed Sue, her sister. "Yes, indeed, I wish it was longer, for I want to get a good rest."

"How can we rest when we have so much sewing to do, and only this month in which to do it?"

"I'm not going to do very much sewing," said Sue.

"How can you help it? You can't afford to hire your sewing."

"No, and so I'm going to get along with very little."

"But it takes just about so many stitches to make up things decently," said Bertha. "Dear me! how often I've wished we could have been made with feathers, like the birds."

"It's no use wishing that," said Sue, laughing. "But I have my doubts whether it does take just about so many stitches to make things. It wouldn't if we made our things plainer."

"Nonsense!" said Bertha; "we're poor and can't pay for finery. But when we choose by our own industry to have our things dainty, why shouldn't we?"

"But I think there are other things to choose first, Bertha. You ought to have heard Mrs. Lander tell about the people she knows—nice people and better off than we are, but still obliged to practise economy, who do it by going very plainly dressed, and so saving to spend on books, or on lessons in painting or music or such."

"Yes, I know you're full of what Mrs. Lander says," said Bertha, a little disdainfully. "All summer long you've been spending your afternoons over her books, when you might have done a good deal of fancy work. Look at my embroidery, now!"

"I'd rather have what I got out of my odd hours," said Sue.

"But you can't show what you got, and anyone can see mine."

"Never mind," said Sue. "I take more comfort in mine than you will ever take in wearing that embroidery."

"Maybe so," said Bertha. "It's all a matter of taste, you know."

"And Mrs. Lander," went on Sue, "talked a great deal to me about the caring for our health. About its being wise and right to seek in every way to preserve and to improve it—"

"As if we didn't know that already!" said Bertha, a little impatiently.

"Yes, of course; but she put before me as I never quite saw it before, the real wrong of sinning against our bodies by improper confinement to the house and by bending over a sewing-machine when we ought to be taking out-door exercise."

"Yes, that's all very nice talk for well-off people like Mrs. Lander, who have nothing to do or to think of except their own well-being or their own whims. How can we help ourselves, pray?"

"I'm going to try how far I can help myself," said Sue. "I like ruffles, and puffs, and embroidery, and tucks, as well as anybody, and think they're very ladylike and all that. But I like books and some other things better, and when I can't have both, I'm going to have the reading. I'm going to make my things plain, and try if I can't be a lady, too."

"Are you going to make your cashmere dress as Aunt Dorothy makes hers?"

"Not exactly," said Sue, laughing, "but I am not going to put many of these vacation hours into it, you may be sure. I've been kept in the house pretty closely all summer, and I'm going to have a little outing now."

The two sisters, with an elderly aunt who assisted in the housekeeping, lived in their own small house in a country town, but belonged to the large class of womankind who are obliged to eke out a very limited income by the work of hand and brain. Not at all to be pitied for that. Has it not been well proven by those who know the sweetness of money earned by one's own hands, that the curse of labor is a blessing in disguise? But there are many things to learn as to the wisest ways of treading the paths of necessity, and our two will learn with the rest.

"Going out?" said Bertha, in surprise, as Sue after dinner appeared with her sun hat, old gloves and a book.

"Yes," she said. "Aunt Dorothy's going to finish up my housework, and I'm off for fresh air."

"What is to become of your sewing?"

"I've sewed most of the morning. I'm not going to touch needle or machine after dinner for a single day this month. You'd better come too, Bertha."

"Not I," said Bertha, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I have no time to idle away."

"I don't believe it's idling," mused Sue to herself, as she roamed over the hillsides, taking in with delight the exhilarating breath of the autumn air. The wind and the beaming sunshine seemed to be doing their best to add brilliancy to every hour of her holiday. Time and again she paused to feast her eyes upon bushes and trees whose outer fringing of leaves had already, in the forests of Northern Maine, taken on the first gilding and tinting which heralds the approach of their gorgeous autumnal full dress. And when she at length reached home with glowing cheeks and every vein bounding with wholesome exercise, she carried a large bunch of the bright leaves with her.

"I'm going to decorate the rooms with them after a while," she explained to Aunt Dorothy and Bertha, as she pressed them with view to future preparation.

Bertha, tired out, and with every organ of her poor body crying out for its rightful supply of exercise and oxygen, threw herself on a sofa and dozed until bedtime, when she spent a restless night, while Sue's brain was bright enough for an hour or two of profitable study, after which she slept the sleep which blesses healthful efforts.

"They do look beautiful, Sue, and you have used really an artist's eye in putting them up. I never could find time for studying the effect as you do, much less ramble after them and then fuss over them as you have done."

Bertha was gazing admiringly at the gayly-colored leaves with which Sue was decorating the sitting-room.

"I've bought my time, you know, by going without the decoration on my clothes," was the answer.

Bertha turned discontentedly to her machine.

"I am beginning to have a little less faith in my decorations," she said. "Look at this dress of mine! Look at the ruffles I have piled upon it, and the pipings and the bindings. You didn't spend a third of the time laying those plain plaits in your skirt and draping the stuff in soft folds over it. And I declare yours looks the more ladylike and really stylish of the two."

"It was only a happen-so," said Sue, laughing. "I went in for fresh air this fall, and let the style take care of itself."

She went on with her pretty work, rejoicing in the beauty which Nature's kindly gifts shed over the little sitting-room. The glory of crimson and scarlet and gold would have added grace and elegance to the most luxurious of apartments, and yet cast no reproach upon the plainness of this one.

The holiday had gone its way, leaving with Bertha its legacy of lassitude and occasional headaches as a record of misappropriated hours and neglected opportunity. A poor outlook for the winter's work! She leaned her head heavily upon her hand, until aroused by the entrance of Aunt Dorothy, who had been doing an errand at the village.

"A letter for Sue," she said.

"I don't know that hand," said Bertha, as she passed it to her.

Sue opened it in a little excitement.

"Twenty dollars!" she exclaimed in delighted astonishment, unfolding a check.

"Whom for? Whom from? What for?" asked Bertha, with wide-open eyes.

"It's for leaves," said Sue, glancing over the short letter. "Autumn leaves—just like these!" She pointed about the room.

"Do tell us what you have been doing," said Bertha.

"Why, I read in one of Mrs. Lander's magazines about the pupils at the art-rooms using autumn leaves to copy, and about rich people paying good prices for them to decorate their houses. So I wrote to the proprietor of an art-store, and he told me to send him some; and as they came on—the hickory, the oak, the maple and the sumach—I prepared a great many more than I wanted for home—and see! Books and books! And I'm going to try a few painting lessons myself, too."

She danced around the room, waving the check above her head.

"Why didn't you tell me," asked Bertha, half reproachfully.

"Because, my dear, I wanted to see first whether anything would come of it. Next year we'll both go into the business."

Bertha sighed as she marked the lightness of Sue's step and the brightness of her eye.

"You've had better sense than I had, Sue," she said, "even not counting the twenty dollars."—*Church and Home.*

ON THE TRAIN.

While a gentleman, who was a keen observer, was travelling through the country this summer, the train stopped at a village station. A young girl entered, whose delicate, refined face at once attracted this gentleman's attention. She was dressed in deep mourning, had a slight, drooping figure, and soft eyes which seemed to appeal for protection, as they glanced at the gentleman in passing. There was the indefinite air about her of a gentlewoman; one who had been sheltered from rough contact with the world by the best and purest influences.

"That is the daughter of Mr. Blank," said a neighbor, naming a man known in both Europe and America for his political power and high social position.

"I looked," says the narrator, "with renewed interest at this beautiful, fascinating girl, whose family influence doubtless gave her the position of a queen in her native State.

"But I soon noticed that every man in the car as well as myself, was observing her. She had darted countless appealing glances from those blue eyes, as she passed to her seat. Presently the conductor, a pert, vulgar youth, came in, and seating himself behind her, leaned over so as to bring his face close to hers. Their conversation was so long and intimate, and accompanied by so many shy glances, smiles, and coquettish tosses from the young lady, that I was convinced the young man was her accepted lover.

"She carried several bouquets, one of which, after burying her face in it, she gave him. This startling comedy was played for the benefit of the passengers for an hour, when the conductor was obliged to go out to attend to his work. His place was instantly occupied by another official. The same sly glances and coquettish smiles, and presently the same blushing gift of flowers, after her face had dropped into them for a moment.

"Miss Blank left the car at last, and the conductor who had been her most constant companion, said loudly, 'She's going to be married in a month.' There was a burst of coarse laughter and comments.

"'Poor wretch!'

"'Poor wretch!'

"'He's booked for a lively race.'

"'I'll give 'em a year for a divorce.'

"The girl, looking back from the platform, waved her hand gaily to the men, whom she believed to be her worshippers. She was as innocent, I believe, as a woman can be who has lost true modesty, and who allows her so-called friendships for men to lead her to the very verge of danger."

Flirtation is the besetting sin of underbred women. They should remember that the man with whom they flirt is invariably their coarsest critic and most unsparing judge.—*Youth's Companion.*

JOY NOT TERROR.

Mr. C. H. Judd of the China Inland Mission says:—On one occasion I was travelling down a large river in the Si-Chuen province. We had been early one morning on shore to preach the Gospel. After we had left the village, a boat with six or seven armed men followed us and told us to stop. We refused at first, but we soon saw that resistance was useless, and we had to yield. The moment we yielded they came on board my boat and took away our boatmen. One man sat with a drawn sword, and the others with muskets and swords across in front of me, so that I could not move one inch. For six hours we were kept in that position. I learned during that time that they were going to keep us till dark, and then take our heads off and seize what we had. I was 800 miles from the nearest port, and the nearest Christian friend. As soon as I learned their purpose one thought came to me: "Soon I shall see Jesus. Oh, the precious joy of seeing Jesus!" I felt only one thing—that I should like to have bidden my wife and children good-bye; but the joy and prospect of seeing Jesus seemed to swallow up everything. I felt for the first time in my life how happy God could make us in the prospect of death. After keeping us there for six hours in suspense, the Lord put something into the hearts of these men—what, I never knew to this day; but this band of six or seven armed men took to their heels and fled. The keeper of the village apologized, and escorted us down to the next village. The Lord delivered us.—*China's Millions.*

Question Corner.—No. 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. On what mountain was the law given?
2. What was the appearance of the mountain at this time?
3. What psalm speaks of this mountain moving at the presence of the Lord?
4. Is there anything said about angels being there?
5. Where is it said that the people saw no similitude only heard a voice?

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

1. He has more than one name.
2. His son-in-law was more distinguished than himself.
3. He was a priest in his own country.
4. He gave his son-in-law excellent advice.
5. His son journeyed with the Israelites to the land of Canaan.
6. His descendants remained in after ages in the Promised Land.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 16.

1. Saul, 1 Sam. 24, 17.
2. David, 3, 39.
3. Absalom, 2 Sam. 18, 18.
4. Solomon, 1 Kings 3, 7.
5. Jeroboam 1 Kings 13, 6.
6. Ahab, 1 Kings 18, 17.
7. Jehoshaphat, 1 Kings 22, 4.
8. Joram, 2 Kings, 9, 18.
9. Athaliah, 2 Kings 11, 14.

BURDEN-BEARERS.

We read of the five burden-bearers here referred to in Mark II. 3. When the sick man there spoken of was healed by the Saviour, he was relieved by Him, of that "burden" of sickness (well so-called) which he had brought up to that house. By the same miracle the four men who had brought that man up in his helplessness were relieved of their burden as well. The burden which that other man took away with such joy, and which he could not have carried at all unless fully delivered from the previous burden of his sickness, is described in II. 12.

DEATH OF MR. DOUGALL.

It is our painful duty to inform the readers of the *Messenger* that Mr. John Dougall, the venerated founder of the *Witness*, died suddenly at Flushing, near New York, on the morning of Thursday, August 19th, in the 79th year of his age.

In our next issue we shall give Mr. Dougall's portrait, together with a sketch of his life.

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